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An Experimental Programme at Innis College

PREAMBLE

The need for new approaches to learning in the university context can no longer be denied. In order to discover what approaches are workable and acceptable from the standpoint of both students and faculty, Innis College proposes an experimental programme which could involve many departments of the university in new relationships with their students and with each other. The term "experimental" applies to both content and method; the cross-disciplinary nature of the programme permits the student to explore problems from the standpoint of various appropriate disciplines and to make connections between discoveries that these disciplines have afforded him; at the same time it will permit professors to present material in new ways at present not possible. The programme is not for the lazy or the frivolous student—but rather for the intellectually curious student who is anxious to probe more deeply into problems that he feels are important, and to synthesize knowledge and insights gleaned from a number of different sources.

This proposal represents part of the efforts of Innis College to define its academic role within the University. The programme is looked upon as an addition to other academic functions that Innis might perform in conjunction with the teaching departments and with the other Colleges.

CONTENT

Each year, the Academic Affairs Committee of the College Council, acting upon advice from concerned students and staff, will decide upon the general areas to be offered the following year and make the necessary arrangements with the appropriate teaching Departments. In making these decisions the Committee will recognize that there are at least four kinds of courses that may be offered:

1. One in which a contemporary problem is examined from the standpoint of a number of different disciplines.
2. One in which an area of human activity not presently included on the curriculum is explored.
3. One in which the work of a single individual could be explored in considerable depth, and his contributions evaluated from a number of different points of view.
4. One in which the need of a particular group of students are served.

The specific work carried out in any of these courses (reading assignments, research projects, methods of presentation and discussion) will be worked out by the instructors and the students in the first few weeks of term. The selection of courses and the determination of content will be modified particularly after the first year, in response to the interests and capacities of the students and professors involved.

PERSONNEL

1. Direction

A co-ordinator of experimental programmes, appointed by the College Council, will seek out new suggestions and approaches from faculty and students, make practical arrangements and report final grades to the Faculty of Arts and Science.

2. Teachers

The courses will be taught by members, cross-appointed from the University department, who have shown enthusiasm and support for this approach to learning.

3. Students

The experimental option will be open to all Innis students except where the graduating department refuses to approve the option, in which case it may be taken as an extra subject.

Faculties wishing to take the options may as their liberal arts course, or by designing experimental courses of particular interest to their students.

IMPLEMENTATION

This proposal will be submitted to the Council of the Faculty of Arts and Science for approval in order that this programme may be initiated in September 1969, following an open meeting of the College and ratification by the College Council.

Editorial

The I.C.S.S. executive may be in the position of a ship without a captain but it is also, in every estimation, a very leaky tub indeed. Not only does this body face starvation of members through failure and resignation, but those that are still members, find themselves hard pressed to attend. No bloody wonder! Due to the small size, order in the meetings has virtually disappeared. The voting members rubber-stamped legislation while two of the members took turns voting nay for the sake of variety. Just recently an election (?) brought in 5 or 6 new members, (who cares which?) by acclamation. Well woopic-shit. They (the members) congratulate each other with their favorite song "we don't do so bad for a small executive". Whose opinion is that? I, for one, have yet to see any college event well advertised. I have yet to see political responsibility and representation work in this body. But then, I'm pretty good at dreaming aren't I?

MUSIC REVIEW

Las Cruces, New Mexico, gave birth to a female music group last year. No ordinary birth but an emergence into the male music world of a female pop-blues group that has destiny written all over it in neon letters with sky rockets for emphasis. Who are they? The "Intricate Blend". A foursome that salvaged the sound equipment from a truck wreck to start their attack on music. They do attack it and that is because they feel it, "We're in it for the music and we like what we do", says Gayla, the lead guitarist and spokeswoman of the group although Carol the bassist admits that money is nice to have at times.

When asked where music was going, Cherry the drummer explained that the psychedelic thing has gone about as far as it can go and that the music that will follow will get its head from more mature ideas of love and responsibility to man.

These musicians perform with spirit and emotion. Their repertoire includes Hendrix, the Cream, the Fuge, and the Airplane and others. However, the voices of the group provide a refreshing difference from the mediocre copy of another group's effort. Carol, with her dusky voice, sings better than Hendrix does and Debbie puts more feeling and skill into "White Rabbit"

than Gracie Slick ever did. Cherry, the drummer isn't just a snare and cymbal tapper, but applies talent to her art and creates a skillful fill of a percussion sound to complement the other talents of the group.

Their name, the "Intricate Blend" tries to explain the complex of their music and each member's own involvement. Or as Carol says "It rang our bell."

All members expressed the feeling that Toronto and the surrounding communities were hard on performers because of the dead nature of the town itself. "This place dies at twelve sharp," says Gayla with a shrug. However, the fact remains that they were misbooked in a place like the Edison Hotel whose audience of farmhands and soldiers-on-leave have no appreciation of the skill and art put into the music. The screams of "take it off" and "Harper Valley P.T.A." are too discouraging for words. In fact, the act was booked into the Edison under the banner of "SEX SEX SEX".



The "Blend" has great aspirations to create something new, and in that regard, no personal differences stand in their way. All of the members have made sacrifices for the group and their love of music.

When they were on stage at the Edison, they let their rubby audience know how they felt; "this is your faaavourite song" says Gayla sarcastically as they begin to play the Harper Valley song. Yes they did play some of that ilk, but just for the bread.

Gayla has the musical background because Mom was a drummer and brother is a lead guitarist. All the kids were in the school band. "The only

normal one was my sister" says Gayla, "she got married."

Carol was a folk singer but her songs weren't musically developed to suit her.

The "Blend" sees itself as needing much more work and polish in their art and Carol admits that only recently has she changed from a technician to an artist.

The greatest problem facing the group, however, is fighting the foregone conclusion that all female groups are on stage to flash their bodies or to exploit a gimmick. None believe that great music can be the end product of a female group. Believe me, they're wrong!

In two months they return to Dallas to record their music. They will be a certain success and you read it first in the Herald.

CAPTAIN CANADA

In today's episode we find the Bissel perplexed and problemed in his plush campus office. A shaking hand reaches for the phone and an urgent call is put through to the defender of good and nice; Captain Canada. The Captain answers the summons in his secret hideout in the ding-dong room of soldiers tower. He turns to his trusty eskimo sidekick OOP and says "Biss wants us OOP baby. It looks like a big job for Captain Canada." They both rush to the Biss's office through the Benson Building locker room shortcut and arrive only to learn that the campus is beleagued by yet another baffling crime. It seems that the pregnancy rate of the coeds on campus is swelling beyond proportion. Who can be perpetrating such a heinous if enjoyable crime? Who dares penetrate the private domains of our sweethearts?

Captain Canada figures the problem on his portable belt abacus and comes to a startling conclusion. It can be none other than the Wang Spangled Banger, that nogood stud from Hangarat, Texas. He and his pal U.S. must have snuck over from the United Mistakes to turn fresher sod now that that country is up the stump. Weeeelllll, is Captain Canada going to be able to solve this one. Is he baffled? You bet! He slowly sits down and begins to wrack his brains for the answer, (a very undemanding task) and comes up with nothing. Suddenly OOP ventures a suggestion: "there is only one place where the evil one can

take his victims where the privacy permits such an event to take place, and that is the Gynecology section of the dusty old medical stax in the Sig. Sam. Library." "Very clever of me to think of that, eh OOP?" says C.C. as they rush to that very location. Arriving at the library they rush down the stairs and to the end of the Gynecology shelves, and lo and behold they see the arch fiend draped over another victim, panting in triumph. Captain Canada draws back and smacks the Wang Spangled Banger with the cuff of his beaver tail suit when suddenly, sharp female teeth sink into his ankle and a girlish voice rises from the floor screaming "get the hell out of here you big goof. This is the first man I've met on this pansy campus!" "Yeah Yeah" chanted dozens of other couples as their heads appeared from other corners of the stax. As Captain Canada and his right arm OOP bid a hasty retreat, we ask ourselves the musical question: "will C.C.'s ego survive this deathly blow? is OOP in love with the Wang Spangled Banger? and is the Gynecology stax the make-out place of the campus? Don't miss the next incredible episode of Captain Canada."

By KEN STONE
Ontario Union of Students

"There will be no hanging next year at Ryerson," said Dave Maxwell.

The Ryerson student council president looked pretty unhappy as he sat beside the little bridge leading off one of the smaller Toronto islands.

The Ryerson Blue and Gold Society was holding its initiation program not far away, and although the festivities had just begun, a steady stream of freshmen were straggling past Dave toward the ferry.

They were heading home.

The program was advertised in the handbook as "A Day on the Island — An Opportunity to Meet Senior Students and Freshmen."

* * *

From a distance the crowd in front of the yellow Island Ferry building looked excited and happy. As I got closer, my impression changed.

A line of 20 girls shuffled past me, their wrists bound by bright yellow plastic cord. In front of them were two husky men in blue Ryerson jackets. Two more brought up the rear.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked one of the rearguard.

He stopped to think a moment. "Because they're frosh," he laughed and marched on.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked a girl.

"I don't know," she said.

I caught up to the vanguard. "Why have you tied their wrists?"

"So that we'd get them to the island," replied one.

"Don't you think they could make it on their own if they wanted to come?" I continued.

"Oh, we do this every year," answered another.

On the ferry, senior students ("freaks") sprayed shaving foam at each other. Sometimes they sprayed it on the signs. Sometimes the frosh rebelled. One girl in an expensive-looking sweater tried frantically to divert the stream of spray by grabbing the can from the male freak. With the help of other laughing and lathered female frosh the freak managed to land a few blotches on the sweater. The freak was laughing as he struggled. The other female frosh were laughing. Even the girl was laughing. But her eyes weren't.

With a look of disdain, a deckhand yanked a lever. The gangplank fell and we disembarked on Centre Island.

Suddenly a slim, very attractive girl bolted across the path in front of me. She was at the point of tears. A serious-faced freak ran after her, carrying a choke-collar. Far across the island she slowed down, started weaving and finally came to a standstill. Her back turned to him, her head down. He led her back.

I crossed the bridge onto the little island. There was activity everywhere — groups pulling chariots, freaks leading around individual girl frosh by the wrists with rope, a few spontaneous fist fights, some drinking, some singing and some dunking of the frosh into the polluted waters of Lake Ontario.

"On your knees, frosh!" came a cry. A group of senior girls were ordering a freshman to sit down. Finally he did and then left. I asked the girls why they were doing it.

"They're having fun," said the leader, pointing vaguely across the island.

"Nobody's forcing them to come," said another.

I approached a group of three young men sitting away from the center of activities. They eyed me suspiciously as I approached. "Are you Ryerson freshmen?" I enquired.

No answer.

"I'm not from Ryerson," I added. "What do you think of this whole thing?" After a pause one muttered. "I don't know."

I came upon another group seated at two tables. A burly freak shouted repeatedly at four frosh: "Rebel! Come on frosh. Rebel!" The frosh sat, unmoving.

I asked the freak, "Why are you treating them like this?" He got up-tight. "What do you mean? They're frosh. They're inferior."

I said to one frosh, "Do you feel inferior to this freak?" "Well, he's been at Ryerson longer than I have," offered the frosh. Finally, I found Dave and some friends at the table by the bridge.

"What can I do?" he said angrily. "I talked till I was blue in the face and they (the freaks) still insisted on going ahead with this. I can't force them not to do it." "This is a horror show," said Clare Booker, a U of T student hired by Ryerson's SAC to help with orientation.

"Why?" asked Michael May from a nearby group.

"Because it's degrading," she retorted. "Because you're treating students like children instead of responsible, mature adults." "If they don't like it, they can leave," May observed.

At the contest for frosh queen, freaks were arcing eggs high into the air and into the audience. Nearby, a girl freshman was spread-eagled on the grass. A male freshman was ordered to do 69 pushups over her. The freaks clapped in time to his movements. Elsewhere, several freaks pulled the pants off a freshman.

A freshman who had the nerve to talk to a girl picked out by a freak was carried off by seven freaks and dumped into the lake. I missed the kangaroo court.

The island emptied quickly and the fun ended earlier than scheduled. On the ferry back, two freshmen sat down beside me. In the hope of starting a discussion, I asked them what they thought of the initiation program.

They thought about it for a few seconds and one replied, "Something to do for an afternoon." I would have pressed him but a frat man in a U.S. army surplus helmet and green sweat-shirt with Greek letters on it came up to the freshmen and proceeded to inform them the procedure of initiation to the frat.

**MERDEKUNDE:
OR, WOE BETIDE
THE LEFT-HANDED ARAB**

Geographers these days are being bombarded by special pleaders for new fields of research. Ecologists, regional scientists, even toponomysts—all have had their say. The time is ripe for a modest proposal for research along lines hitherto mentioned only in whispers, namely, what did people do before Delsey? Now the younger and more urban among us—and education is an increasingly youthful and urbane occupation — have perforce been deeply perplexed by the question of scatological geography. Nowhere in our textbooks can we find the slightest reference to it, and our culturally-deprived elder colleagues merely stammer and blush. But this is ridiculous: who are we, as scientists pledged to the discovery of new truths, to ignore this important realm of cultural geography on account of social taboo? The questions which immediately spring to mind are manifold: Are there correlations between housetypes and outhouses? What of the regional names variously given to privies, backhouses, johns, and chios sales? How about a von Thünen model of night-soil rings around Oriental cities? Is the availability of large-leafed plants a factor in settlement location in swidden agriculture? Talk about giving character to places—I ask you, what could be more fundamental?

As a first step in limning the unlimned, your reporter is conducting a study of the post-defecatory sanitary practices in underdeveloped lands. Further work on the roots of the Western tradition is envisaged for the near future. Such a study, while only part of the larger whole, has been undertaken because it fits so admirably with the accomplished body of work in cultural geography. Here we have a significant cultural trait, indeed a cultural universal, which has both spatial and temporal variations, which involves the use of artifacts that may be field-checked, and has endless and little-understood ramifications. One recalls the Bedouin practice, for instance: the left hand is used for cleanliness, and never, on pain of amputation, dipped into the common stewpot. The link with medical studies is obvious and deserves systematic exploitation. Not quite so obvious is the connection with economic studies, though such phenomena as the price of suburban land and the pollution of ground-water supplies are directly related to the density of septic tanks.

The price of that ever-scarcer commodity, fresh water, is in no small measure affected by the demands of water-borne waste systems. It may be salutary to Western conceits to realize that our use of toilet paper is considered unhygienic and downright dirty by some peoples. A Punjabi friend, who, on exercises with the Indian Army Mountain Corps in the Himalayas, was issued with a small roll of paper, had to have its use explained, and was quite horrified. He decided to use snow instead — a thoroughly chilling experience. Subsequent visits to the West have not really changed his opinion; he much prefers the Indian method of washing with water.

One problem in a new research area is the absence of a preceding literature. Of serious scholarly works there are none, save on the related topic of animal manures. Among Americans, the only authors to make any significant mention whatsoever are the philosophers Bruce and Kerouac, who have been ostracized by an intolerant society for their unorthodox inquiries. It was Kerouac who, in his book *Big Sur*, made the comment that "Americans have the dirtiest asses in the world," echoing a prominent theme of the early Henry Miller. Incidentally, the scene from Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, in which the inexperienced Asian defecates in the brothel bidet, is directly isomorphic with an early chapter in the life of a well-known American geographer. However, the problem of a lack of literature is more than compensated for by the opportunities for the exercise of inspired grantsmanship. Besides the obvious granting institutions — NIH, FDA, ONR, ESSA, CIA, and so forth—the great paper corporations might well be interested from the point of view of market research.

Students arise! The surface has barely been scratched.

— H. SWAIN

MULTI-FACULTY

By CLARE BOOKER

Innis was conceived as a multi-faculty college. Conceived and born. Multi-fac is a physical entity (reference to the ICSS constitution), yet what good is a body without a soul; a multi-fac college made up of arts students?

A multi-faculty college was originally envisioned as a centre for all the disciplines to come together, a creation of well-rounded people with a broad outlook on life, able to see outside their own little sphere of learning. The faculty of medicine thought enough of the philosophy to make it compulsory for their pre-med students to join Innis or New. Food Sciences is considering taking similar action. Yet all the impetus for multi-fac is coming from the top down with no grass roots support and, therefore, it's becoming stagnant.

Faculty students complain that they've got too many class hours to come up and participate in a college. It's too far to come for lunch. There's conflicting loyalty between college and faculty. All college activities are directed towards arts students. Yet many faculty students belong to fraternities where they encounter multi-facultyism with no problem.

Each year 300 faculty students join Innis for some reason, yet we never see them. Surely it isn't just for the prestige of becoming an elite Inniscent. True, we have advantages in our residences and writing lab but that still leaves over 200 people roaming around, members in fact, but not reality. Can they get anything out of the college without putting anything into it? Do faculty students expect to be spoon-fed "college"? Why join and not participate? Arts students are open-minded, we can put up with stuffy old medsmen and foresters and make allowances for their ignorance.

**FACULTY STUDENTS
WE LOVE YOU!!!!**

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EditorR. Pushchak

WritersK. Stone
C. Booker
H. Swain
P. Edick

TypistsW. Stassen
M. Smith
C. Booker

"Never spit in a man's face
... unless his beard is on fire!"